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THE WATERFALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

Half hid by towering hemlock tall,
And by the rough, rocky, rocky bank,
There is a waterfall, a waterfall,
Deep in the verdant forest wild.

The streamlet slides, with sigh and sob,
From the green forest still and lone,
And falls into a dark abyss,
Where golden sunlight never comes.

The violet there opens its eye,
When daylight's golden rays are seen,
And brightly blooms, and drops and gleams,
When May's blue leaves are seen.

The wild red rose, the lily pale,
Deep o'er the softly glowing stream,
The most sweet, sweetest of all,
To look in the place of the dream.

The sky through slugs its sweetest smile,
To hold the crown of the day;
And here the "lovely waterfalls"
Pour forth at intervals to play.

It is a peaceful, lovely spot,
And I shall overland it soon,
For here I found the sweetest rest,
Long time ago, in a forest lone.

And there amidst the tender trees,
And o'er the soft, soft, soft stream,
Her voice was like a sweetest song,
Her voice was like a sweetest dream.

But there deep beneath the trees,
Here by this streamlet's side,
And early dawn the western breeze
Over my beautiful dead bride.

THE SWAMP OUTLAWS;

OR,

A SECRET OF TWENTY YEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

CHAPTER IV.

A MORNING IN JUNE.

The stranger was conversant. The main source of his weakness had been loss of blood, and as soon as his native strength overcame the depressing effects of his rapidly recovered. The surprising effects of his blood had been shown in this. He took him under the arm of his wing with a devoted energy that knew no rest. A real, live patient was apparently a new sensation to her, and an agreeable one, to judge by her devotedness. All her ordinary skill was exhausted in preparing delicate meals to tempt his appetite. She used to him, talked to him, and affectionately hindered his time from hanging heavily on his hands. She was as active as a bee, and as jovial as a sunny day, and the whole house and all within it felt the enlivening effects of her unceasing flow of spirits.

They were not long in exchanging confidences. Nellie Brown had no history to relate. Of her parents she had no recollection, they having died in her infancy, leaving her this property. She had spent all her life in this house, and had been brought up by a distant female relative, who still took charge of the establishment, assisted by several negro domestics. Despite the somewhat monotonous character of her life, it had no far from her a perpetual sunshine.

The gentleman gave his name as Robert Howard. He was a native of Richmond, Virginia, the son of a lawyer of some note in that city, and had come to North Carolina on business entrusted to him by his father. Why he had been attached he declared himself unable to explain, though he seemed possessed of certain mysterious powers to obtain information.

About two weeks had elapsed since the period of his being wounded, and he was now seated in a comfortable arm-chair on the front porch of the cottage, enjoying the fresh air with a seat that naturally resulted from his long confinement within the house. It was a splendid day in early June, the summer heat tempered by a delicious cool breeze that blew upon them from the east. The rose vines that covered the trellis work in front of the porch were a mass of bloom, whose rich odors came in on the wings of the breeze, filling the house with fragrance. The scene in front was highly attractive. At no great distance before the house ran the limpid waters of Lumber river, which by a sudden graceful curve from a long eastward bend, touched the village with a gleaming shore, and ran off again southwardly. Beyond the stream lay green fields of growing corn and cotton, and the yellow glow of ripening wheat, while the deep green of the pines filled all the horizon.

His first hostess (for Nellie Brown was pretty as a May morning) sat near him, enjoying the light of pleasure on the face of the invalid as keenly as he enjoyed the aspect of nature.

"I must confess that I did not expect to find such a beautiful scene here," he said, as he gazed dreamily out upon the landscape.

"It is a real Paradise," she said, smiling. "I am so glad you enjoy it," she said, smiling. "I am so glad you enjoy it," she said, smiling.

"I have some trifling work with the pencil, and would like to sketch myself by sketching your landscape to the extent of my poor abilities."

"Oh, will you?" And she sprang to her feet and clasped her hands with a child's delight. "How I should love to see it!" And



COLONEL MIDDLEBURY SAW A SUPERB LANCER MAN STATIONED KEYS IN HAND OVER THE HARBOR'S FORT OF ROBERT HOWARD.

you'll stay here till you have finished it—now won't you? You can paint it right from the porch here. That will be splendid!"

"But, Miss Brown, painting is beyond my ability. I can simply promise you a plain sketch, and I cannot improve on your hospitality by lengthening my stay. In there is not an inn in the village, where I can obtain accommodations for a short period? I have already been too much of a burden to you."

"A burden! oh! it is a pleasure to have you here. If you go away till you are well I will never forgive you. As for inn, there is but one that is respectable in the district, and that is five miles away on the other side of the horrible road of which I fancy you have had enough."

"I remember the place, and I don't fear any further trouble in the road."

"Now not another word. You are my patient, and I won't have any disobedience. You shall stay here and draw my landscape. My sketch, my sketch, my sketch. There, don't open your lips! You are going to my consulting disengaged, I know, and I won't hear it."

"But, Miss Brown—"

"Not a word, till you can be reasonable!"

"The willful little beauty ran into the house, singing back a merry laugh as she disappeared."

He sat smiling, and inwardly negotiating as to his best course of action.

"She is as innocent of the world as a child," he said to himself; "but the village people will talk, and will give her but little credit for her innocence. I cannot stay here much longer, that is settled. Yet how can I break loose? Ah, I have it! There is the housekeeper, or aunt, or whatever she is. I will enlist her, and let her settle with my self-willed little nurse. What a pity such a charming being as she is should be buried so far out of sight of the world. I must confess to myself, if I can't let her face and cunning little ways are the landscape that is most attractive to my eyes, for somehow the girl has got a hold on my fancy. She is as free from all conventionalities, so naive and charming—There, there, if I keep on so I will be convincing myself that my gratitude for her care is growing too warm. I must leave this region as soon as possible; but must first execute my mission to the best of my ability. Perhaps I can make this drawing serve me awhile as an excuse for remaining in the neighborhood. What a kind-hearted, chatty, delightful little witch she is. A year of her society would make a very Romeo of me, and she says Juliet."

So he debated with himself, unknowing that love had taken root already in his heart—the little germ as yet, "no larger than a mustard seed"—but which is often of such rapid growth that the flowering follows the planting with scarce an interval.

"These now, I have given you plenty of time to make up your mind, and you have decided to be sensible and to stay where you are, and to make my picture for me, and to be a good creature generally. So you need not say anything more about it. I accept the sacrifice with gratitude. You shall stay, since you have made up your mind to do so. Hush, now! the case is settled. And here comes my wise old Solomon, who has been near me for a week, and who is the best, kindest, simplest and bravest of human beings. You must like him, Mr. Howard, for he is an especial favorite of mine, though I do tease him sometimes." She ran rapidly to the garden gate, shook hands with our friend with an impressiveness that filled his homely face with smiles, and led him up to the invalid.

"Mr. Howard, let me present you to Mr. Middlebury, a gentleman to whom we all owe thanks, yet who has been keeping away, as if afraid of receiving the thanks which are his due."

"I am very happy to meet Mr. Middlebury, to whom I owe far more than thanks—and hope yet to be able to repay in deeds, what I cannot find words to express."

"There, say nothing about it," replied Solomon, shaking the extended hand of the other with evident pleasure. "I saved your life because I couldn't help it, and don't want to thank for what was just nature. There was that chap that shot you standing alone, and I'd a right to be thankful. I hadn't nothing more to do with it. It was instinct, I reckon, took my finger to the trigger, and my eye to the night—and so I know'd what'd happened, it was all done."

"Then I must thank your instinct for its readiness and particularly for its good aim. I am told that you pursued the robber to his haunt, and had a brush with them."

"Well, you went to see them, and found them at home; though they didn't wait to welcome me. We found the chap that shot you, in his last attack."

"But you haven't told us all of it," cried Nellie. "The robber returned and fired on you. That is the last I heard from you of the story—and you have left the rest 'to be continued' in my mind for a week."

"They launched a boat and made off—us—but we had too much start, and I reckon our boat was better. Anyhow, we left them behind and got safely out. Joe Brady got his team back, and that's about all we got for our trip."

The conversation continued in a desultory manner for an hour or two longer, the lady diverting her attention now to the one, now to the other, with all the versatility of a coquette, until more than one pang of jealousy had crossed Solomon's mind—and as he left, after having been sorely teased by his fun-loving hostess, he muttered crossly to himself—"Just my luck. Here I've brought her this Howard, and by the looks of his eyes, he's half in love with her. If she falls for him, I'm in love with him now. What's to be left for me? I know the girl is ahead of me in education, and beauty, and all that sort of thing. But there's something in honesty, and industry, and a sound heart. A good farm, too, is worth thinking about; and I ain't half as ignorant as most of the folks about. I'm going to try how well she likes me, some day, that's all. I've known and loved her since she was a child, and when I was only a boy myself, and I think I've a right to speak out."

"You don't know what a noble heart he has, Mr. Howard," said Nellie. "A little of the rough diamond, I confess; but he was the playmate of my childhood, and has been the best friend of my years of discretion—or indiscretion, if that expresses it better. You must like him. He is very homely, true, and simple-minded in some particulars; but in practical affairs, there is no man more shrewd."

"Or quicker on the trigger. That I have sound reason to know. Your friend Solomon shall be my friend Solomon; but that he has proved a friend in need, and because you ask it—and I owe you enough to grant my request from him."

He bent forward and looked in her eyes with a softness and an undefined meaning in his glance that made her suddenly turn away, a faint red tinge suffusing her cheek. It was one of those unspoken sentences that hold the meaning of a volume.

CHAPTER V.

CONTINUATION.

That morning Mr. Howard had received a letter from Virginia, in answer to one he had written several days before, to the following effect:

"RICHMOND, June 25th, 1871.
My Dear Son:—Yours of the 1st inst. is

at hand, and I am glad to find that you are so rapidly recovering from the murderous attempt on your life. This circumstance has confirmed what we before had a vague suspicion with me, and I am convinced that we have discovered the proper locality, for it is very evident that the villain was not common highwayman. Had I for a moment imagined that your life was endangered, I should certainly not have let you go. You have behaved nobly, my dear son, and I do not think they will be so daring as to molest you again, or I would insist on your returning home. You must, however, be exceedingly cautious in all your movements. Move only by broad daylight and always in company, and never permit yourself to be caught unarmed. I would much prefer to have you return home, and to take your place myself, though I know it would be useless to propose it. I have, besides, full confidence in your judgment and courage. What you told me of the appearance of the country does not appear to my memory. Only that business will not permit, I would make a flying visit to Burton, and have no doubt that I should be able to recognize the position of the farm, although, as I have told you, I only saw it once, and then simply by a momentary glance while riding through that section of country."

"You may, as you propose, send me a sketch of the domestic surroundings in which you are involuntarily located. Possibly it may recall something to my memory. I feel certain that the solution of the mystery, if it has any solution, lies in the district in which you now are. The attack on your life seems to prove this, and to prove further that there is something which certain parties desire to keep concealed, if even they have to resort to murder to accomplish their purpose."

"I have long vaguely feared that there has been a great wrong done, and of this I am now convinced. True it is a difficult matter to dig up secrets that are buried twenty years deep in time, but it may not prove impossible, and if possible it shall be accomplished. Be circumspect and prudent, my son. Let no one suspect your object. Be as long as you choose in recovering from the effects of your wound, as it will give you sufficient excuse for prolonging your stay in that neighborhood. Be careful to destroy my letters, as they might fall into the wrong hands and reveal our purpose. Be sure and let me hear from you soon."

Your affectionate father,
"JOHN HOWARD."

Several days elapsed before Mr. Howard felt able to undertake the task thus given him by his father, and to perform which he had obtained the glad consent of his hostess. His trunk had arrived by a slower conveyance shortly after his own advent at Burton, and in this he had all the necessary materials for the accomplishment of his purpose.

At length came a day in which he felt such a renewal of health, and so great a desire for the enforced idleness of the past few weeks, that he produced his drawing-stool, and with the aid of a little negro boy, whom his hostess lent him as a sort of bodyguard, he fitted up an impromptu easel, and commenced at his leisure to sketch the main features of the landscape.

He was much too feeble to make any rapid progress with this work, proceeding in fact with a deliberation that set his little assistant on nodding, as he watched with staring eyes the incomprehensible plexus of lines which formed the embryo of the picture.

This side-camp of the artist was so intense a haze of African blackness, that the sunlight seemed to be suddenly overclouded when he turned his face towards it. He was about thirteen years of age, full of life and energy as a monkey, with an expression of droop and boyish innocence that ren-

dered his face perfectly ludicrous. He went by the name of Pete, and though, as his mistress said, he had an occasional desire to behave himself, it had to contend against a dense stratum of original mischief. In his antics he once sent the materials of the artist rolling over the porch in a most inartistic array.

"Come here, sir," said Miss Brown. She beckoned to the negro, whose grinning face suddenly relapsed into intense demureness, and he slowly obeyed her summons, as if dragging himself against his will to the spot.

"Pete, what does this mean?"

"Ow! I help 'n, Miss Nell. 'Bouse me dis once, an' I'll pick 'em all up, an' I'll be just as good as—an' beans. I will, Miss Nell, shure. Pete's got to turn over a new leaf."

"I fear, Mr. Howard," said his hostess, as Pete went diligently to work to repair his mischief, "I fear you will not share the contents of some of his new leaves. He has been turning them over all his life, but the next leaf usually reads even worse than the preceding."

"I have no doubt we shall get along very well together. So far, I have found his antics amusing. And if he goes too far, I will hand him over to your tender mercies. Eh, Pete?"

The boy looked up with a grin that showed how little he valued the threat.

"Why, it begins already to look like the place," she said, replacing the overturned drawing. "I would give much to have your skill with the pencil."

"I have not much to boast of, I assure you; and I will not ask you to accept this rule sketch; I can improve on it on a second attempt."

"But I cannot permit you to go to so much trouble; particularly in your weak condition."

"Why, as I have nothing else to do, you will surely let me do it as recreation."

"Oh, if you put it in that sense, I am unquarrelled."

"In any sense, Miss Brown, it would delight me to serve you to the utmost extent of my ability. After your kind devotion to me, a wounded stranger thrown into your care, I would certainly be ungrateful to refuse you any request, however severely it might tax me. And, without any consideration of charity or gratitude, I should be happy to serve you, at any time and in any way."

The compliment implied in his words was so warmly interpreted in the glowing expression of his face, that the lady turned away to hide the sudden blush that flamed upon her cheeks.

"Now, Mr. Howard, I must sternly forbid compliments," she said, as if deterred not to take the sense of his words so plainly expressed in his looks. "You are my patient still, and it will not do to permit you to indulge in such language."

She turned towards the river that ran shimmering past.

"Are you fond of the water, Mr. Howard? If you are, we have under an excellent sail boat, and as soon as you are strong enough an occasional excursion will do you good."

"Particularly if I am to have the pleasure of your company."

"Oh, that is part of the stipulation. I am a passionate water-woman, sailress, or whatever is the proper feminine appellation, and only shall be too happy to act as your maid. A boat named that is."

"Precisely. I don't think I could emulate the knights who paid their devotions to the under water divinities."

The sketch, but little more than an outline of the salient features of the scene, yet drawn with such skill that it already gave a very clear idea of the character of the landscape, was folded up, and formed part of the

contents of a letter posted the next evening at the village office.

During those days of rare summer weather his health and strength were rapidly returning, and he was already able to walk as far as the village, with a long interval of rest before the returning.

About the time of the finishing of the second sketch, he received the expected answer to his letter. The most interesting portion of it ran as follows:

"I have been closely studying your drawing, placing it in all lights, and coming on it at unexpected moments, so as if possible to take it unawares, and it is by heart or work into my memory. But beyond a certain vague, very vague hint of something familiar in the outlines, I find no further ground for recognition, yet despite this I have a sort of intuitive belief that you have hit upon the very spot, and that only a weak spot in my memory hinders me from at once perceiving it."

"The names of the parties with whom you are staying, and what you have learned of their history, do not at all conform to the facts of which I am in search. Yet I wish to study this matter somewhat longer before putting you to any further trouble, as I cannot drive from my mind the intrusive idea that you have struck this very spot. I would like you to acquaint yourself, so far as you can, without causing suspicion, with the character and history of all persons in the neighborhood. If the solution of the mystery lies, as I am sure it does, in that district, there should be no great difficulty in discovering the facts necessary to place us in possession of the clue; unless, indeed, it has been designedly hidden with such caution as to be beyond the reach of discovery."

Mr. Howard proceeded to obey the desires of his father, so far as he was able consistent with due caution, leading his conversations with Solomon, the doctor, and others of the village, and even with his hostess, into such a train, that ere long, he had a very good general idea of the family connections and genealogy of the neighborhood. But so far as concerned the principal object, he remained as much in the dark as ever.

His recovery now was rapid. He was soon able to bear those walks upon the river to which his hostess had invited him, and with her for sole comrade, spent many happy afternoons, drifting between the green river banks, drifting over the plank, multi-colored, drifting under blue summer skies, as, faster still, drifting, drifting into the magical kingdom of love.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. HOWARD MAKES A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

According to his determination, Mr. Howard one day had his trunk removed to the Hotel Herts Inn, and took up his abode in the room on the other side of the door, where he had so narrowly escaped being assassinated.

Bradley, the landkeeper, expressed himself highly gratified to see him, and would do his utmost to render his stay comfortable. He had but one other permanent boarder, a young man who had been with him for a few days only, a gentle, companionable personage, with whom he knew his new guest could not avoid being pleased.

Mr. Howard was disposed to agree with his landowner, on making the acquaintance of his fellow guest, and to visit him also a quiet, companionable personage. He had given his name as Simon Du Bar, a resident of Charleston, and had declared his intention of staying for some weeks in the neighborhood, with the purpose of shooting, fishing, and general recreation.

"I cannot conceive, however," he remarked to Mr. Howard, "what brings you here at this season of the year. Were I in your place I would be making for the mountains, or some seaside resort."

"For the same general purpose, recreation," remarked the other, concealing his real motive. "We have a tradition in Virginia that the air of the river-pentine districts is good for troubles in the lungs, and as I had some difficulty in the winter from a cough, I was advised to try the effect of the stimulating extract of pine."

"Put not your faith in traditions. I have known this state for years, and take my word for it you will not get a mile of good if you spend a year breathing the turpentine odor. There are places of proved virtue for your complaint; then why act on the faith of a tradition?"

"Oh, I had another errand in this region, and so thought to kill two birds with one stone. As my time is not precious just now I will give it two or three weeks further trial at least. It will certainly do no harm, even if it be of no result."

The other looked at him strangely as he spoke, with a shade of disapprobation on his face that seemed to show some peculiar interest in his new friend's welfare.

He was in person tall and rather stout, of light complexion, a thin, sandy moustache shading his well-formed mouth. His eyes were of a grayish blue, and very keen in their glance, a result possibly of his experience as a sportsman. There was something in their expression, some trick of movement, that seemed momentarily familiar to Mr. Howard, though he was speedily forced to dismiss the idea as pure fancy, for the familiar appearance vanished almost as soon as it had arisen.

"Well, since you have decided to stay here," he said, "you must let me, an old hand in the woods, prescribe for you. Take all the fresh air you can get. Fish, hunt, exercise as much as possible. In short, join company with me. You appear to be a good, social fellow. I try to be the same. Let us seek health in company."

"And where do you propose to obtain so much sport? I must confess I have not seen any great promise here yet."

"I can show you plenty. Off yonder, towards the swamps, is the region I intend to try."

improve it."

